WINDSOCK

1940
ANNUAL

Published By Flying Cadets . . . .

AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
LINDBERGH FIELD SAN DIEGO, CAL.

Dedication....

Shortly before taking a vacation some two weeks ago, Lieut. Hopwood expressed the desire to see the Windsock dressed up in a shiny new cover for the anniversary number.

Contributions were solicited from all the Departments, and from this great mass of material we have selected that which we feel will furnish a lasting momento to the Classes of Forty and serve as an inspiration to the Classes of Forty-one and those to follow.

Since Lieut. Hopwood has been the mainspring of the Windsock since it's inception exactly one year ago, we, the Class of Forty G, take great pride in dedicating this edition to him. We hope that the cumulative efforts of our classes will in some small measure compensate for the vast aid he has given us in the past year.

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Mrs. C. W. Evans.

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J. A. Beaver, F/C.
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M. H. Carlton, 2nd Lt. A. C. R.

Art
F/C Graybeal.
Mr. Dorland.

Air Corps Training Department

Captain Horton's Letter

Headquarters
AIR CORPS TRAINING DETACHMENT
Ryan School of Aeronautics
San Diego, California

Flying Cadet J. A. Beaver, *Associate Editor.*
Anniversary Windsock

This issue of the "Windsock" marks the completion of Corps Training Detachment at Lindbergh Field. As our in San Diego skies, so do we feel that we have become an this fair California city. It is significant to look back over tl effort of thirty-four flying cadets metamorphosed into the entity that is the Air Corps Training Detachment of today. the officers and men who have been on permanent assign[illegible] ciation of the unfailing loyalty, enthusiasm and devotion to duty which they have shown throughout the past year.

To the editors and staff, and to the three hundred flying cadets and seven student officers who have gone or are going through this Training Detachment, I offer my congratulations. No single page of this issue would be worth printing except as it is given meaning and value by the loyalty, effort and hence tradition built up through the collective and individual service of all of you while here.

It has been a pleasure and an opportunity to be your Commanding Officer and as such I extend my best wishes and those of my staff to all of you with the sincere hope that we may serve together again. It is my belief that the intangibles that measure in great part the worth of any activity and that you have so well developed while here, if adhered to, can bring to all of you none other than the Army's accolade—"a credit to himself and to the Military Service." No soldier asks for more.

JOHN C. HORTON, Captain,
Air Corps, Commanding.

Officers

Lt. Hopwood (A.C.), Maj. Porter (M.C.), Capt. Horton (A.C.)
Lt. Carlton (A.C.R.)

The Cadets of the Ryan School of Aeronautics are singularly fortunate to have the opportunity to serve under such capable officers. The fact that a high standard was set by the first class and this standard has been maintained and in some instances even furthered, is a tribute to the incessant work of the commandant and his staff.

It is not an easy job to develop and maintain an Esprit de Corps in a group which changes every six weeks, and at the same time instill in the individual the rudiment of soldierly life; to show such a task has been accomplished, it is necessary only to point to the achievement of the previous class. The Class of 40-G expresses the fervent hope that it may maintain the high record of its predecessors and carry with it at all times the spirit ingendered by the Commandant and his staff.

RYAN

School of Aeronautics

U. S. Government Approved Transport School
LINDBERGH FIELD
San Diego, California

June 8, 1940

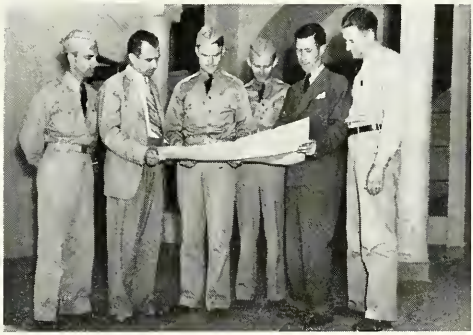
Flying Cadet J. A. Beaver
Associate Editor of "Windsock"
Air Corps Training Detachment
Lindbergh Field
San Diego, California

Dear Mr. Beaver:

For 18 years it has been my privilege to conduct a commercial aviation training school in San Diego. Friendships that have been acquired during that time with my students, as well as leaders in the aircraft industry, are to me among the finest assets that have been gained during that period. This has been particularly true since the inception of the Army training program last July.

It is safe to say that neither the Army nor the commercial school operators realized at that time many of the problems that would confront them in the carrying out of this mission. Problems were presented that had not been considered nor written in the contract, but we feel that it is a high tribute to the Army officers, the Cadets, the Flight and Ground School Instructors, and the mechanical and administrative personnel that the program at Ryan has progressed toward the completion of its first year on a highly commendable, smooth, harmonious, efficient basis. To the Cadets who have been sent to us during this training program we wish to pay particular tribute. They have proven to be as fine a group of young men as have ever gazed toward the new horizon of aviation. It has been an honor to be associated with them and their officers and a pleasure to have them associated with us. To those who received their indoctrination to the U. S. Army Air Corps at the Ryan School of Aeronautics Detachment and to the hundreds of others who will be here in the future, we extend our sincere congratulations on their original acceptance by the U. S. Army and best wishes for their continued advancement and success.

Sincerely yours,
RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS
T. CLAUDE RYAN, President.



Left to Right—Paul Wilcox (Chief Flight Instructor), T. C. Ryan (President), Capt. Horton (A.C.) (Supervisor), Lt. Hopwood (A.C.) (Assistant Supervisor), Earl Prudden (Vice-President), W. K. Balch (Chief of Technical Training)

Flying and Academic Personnel . . . .

Paul Wilcox, head man of the pilots! For a small guy, Paul does a good day's work at his two positions—Test Pilot for the Ryan Aeronautical Company, and Chief Flight Instructor for the Air Corps Training Detachment. Added to this, Paul has been a traveling man, making two trips to Guatemala to supervise the assembly and test flights of the Ryan S-T-M military trainers for the Guatemalan Air Force.

Learning to fly in San Diego in 1927, Wilcox put in a year as a "grease monkey" to pile up time for additional licenses. In 1928, he was in Ely, Nevada, flying a Hisso-Eaglerock for a cattleman, and investing his spare change in gasoline for more time. Next year he was back in San Diego as assistant flight instructor at the Ryan School. Later, Paul went to Detroit as chief test pilot for the aviation division for the Continental Motors Company. At the completion of his test work on new aircraft engines for Continental, Wilcox returned to Ryan, and in 1938, when John Fornasero resigned as Chief Pilot to join the C. A. A., Paul stepped into the top flying job at Ryan.

Mr. W. K. Balch, who is the Director of Technical training, was once a mechanic in Boston, but you might call him a "Jack of all trades" for he has held a variety of jobs up and down the Atlantic coast. In the early thirties, he joined the Navy to become a machinist's mate in Rhode Island, and they sent him to North Island, where he established a remarkable record. As an example, he established the speed record for overhaul of a Wasp engine. And his I.Q. on all courses was no less than 99.75 percent. He came to Ryan in the early thirties and through constant effort, despite set-backs, due to rapid changes, developed what is today known as a most noteworthy ground school.

Mr. C. E. Whitcomb, our instructor, ran an auto shop in Texas for a while, and received his business training there also, in a 5-and-10-cent store. He joined the Signal Corps in 1917, which was changed to the Air Corps in 1918. He became an assistant instructor in July and left in November of 1918. His first real teaching job was as instructor at the Agricultural Col-

lege in Kansas in the technical department. From there he went to Camp Finston to teach. In 1933, he was principal at George Washington High. Then, in 1929, Uncle Sam needed an excellent aircraft inspector and he worked with Sammy for several years. He taught for a while at Modesto High in 1934. He is a Captain in the Reserve and has amassed a good many flying hours. He has certificates that qualify him for instructor in any department of the ground school, and also holds a commercial flying instructor's license. Ryan was most fortunate in obtaining his services, for he is deeply interested in each and every Cadet that goes through the School.

Mr. H. H. Karr, our instructor, started his flying career in the Navy. He was an Ensign and served fourteen months in the last World War. After the war he came back to Pensacola and was a flight instructor for several years. He has seen a good many flying hours as an instructor in different schools and has had his share of test piloting. With a total of close to 10,000 hours in the air, he retired a year ago to his ranch in South Dakota for a well-deserved rest. But his restless and ambitious nature brought him out to California and Ryan realized how advantageous it would be to have an instructor with a background in aviation as complete as his.

Mr. D. Raine, our instructor, came from Ohio. He attended Culver Military Academy in Indiana on a scholarship in music. From there, he went to New York and went on the stage for four years. He has run the gauntlet of the radio, vaudeville, and movies. He came to this land in 1939, and started with Ryan in the sheet metal department. Aviation has been his hobby and greatest interest. This accounts for his ability as an instructor. It has been said that he is quite a "crew" man and his favorite sport is swimming. Ryan certainly doesn't miss a good bet in their selection of instructors.

Mr. A. K. Atherton, our instructor and guardian angel, certainly knows how to pack a parachute, for he first became acquainted with parachutes when he joined the Air Corps in 1924. He was with them for two years, then he went into the Marine Corps for five years. He then flew in the Air Reserves for four years. It might be mentioned that since that time he has packed close to 10,000 parachutes; trained 50 riggers; trained 400 individuals to jump; and has made 276 jumps himself. Not only that, but he operated a Parachute Sales and Service Store for eight years. He enjoys a good tennis game and can cast a wicked fly. Ryan certainly made sure that the parachute department would not get any complaints about their chutes not opening in their selecion of Mr. Atherton.

Mr. Shepherd, our instructor, is San Diego-hired. He attended San Diego High School and graduated from San Diego State. His intention was to be a math teacher, but circumstances would have it otherwise and he became a meteorologist. He had taken meteorology as an elective in college and that gave him the knowledge necessary for his position with the Weather Bureau. He started in Phoenix in 1928, and stayed there for one year. He came back to San Diego and started the Weather Bureau at Lindbergh Field. He has been here since and is the oldest man in point of service with the airport.

Paul Wilcox
Chief Flight Instructor

Walter K. Balch
Chief of Tech. Training

Lieut.-Commander Gray, U. S. Navy, retired, joined the academic staff of the Air Corps Training Detachment here not two days before we went to press. Nevertheless, we know this much about him: He graduated from the Naval Academy in 1913, and spent 26 years active duty as a Line Officer, finally retiring as a Lieutenant-Commander.

In 1934 he began working on and off with the Ryan organization, in the meantime establishing an air-navigation school of his own. Should be difficult to get lost with his instruction.

The Cadet Captain Speaks . . . .

Gentlemen:

It is a privilege to be a Flying Cadet in the United States Army Air Corps.

On behalf of Class 40 "G" I wish to express our gratitude to those previous classes that have aided in establishing the name of the Ryan School of Aeronautics as pre-eminent among the civilian schools.

As a potential officer's training, the Primary program is the framework of all to come. It is expected that here will be drawn out of the individual those qualities so vital to the Air Corps. "Inherent flying ability," technical knowledge, and military indoctrination are but a few of the steps in moulding material for the more advanced Randolph and Kelly Fields.

To those men who have weathered the storm thus far, a promising career awaits them, and visions of receiving their wings become more and more real.

I am proud to have served as Flying Cadet Captain with Class 40 "G" and the new class of "41 "A," a group truly representative of the superlatives in American youth of today, and certainly their fine attitude and co-operation has left little to be desired.

Carry on!

CAPT. PAGUE, F/C.

The 65 H. P. Cub . . . .

"Hey, you new dodo—Mr., Mr., er, uh, well, anyway, what did the dispatcher and his 65 horsepower cub do today?"

"I don't know, sir; no excuse, sir."

"WHAT! You don't know about Herb Pague and his Cub? MISTER Every good dodo should know about Herb and his 65 horsepower Club!

"Why, Mister, that ship is souped up so much Herb has to put both feet on the stick to keep it from looping on the take-off. Then it climbs at a negative angle of attack of 25 degrees: of course that cuts down his climb a little—it takes him four minutes to get to 30,000 feet but it's the only safe way. He once got in the plane with no oil on his shoe soles and his feet slipped when he gave her the gun. Before he got it under control, the darned thing had looped five times and was at 35,000 feet. He eased the throttle back to idling but passed out from lack of oxygen. When he came to the Cub was flying the traffic pattern at Lindbergh Field at 250 mph, waiting for him to recover and land. That was the day the airliner turned back to Los Angeles—the pilot said he was going to quit if hereafter someone didn't notify him about these air races!

"Why, MISTER! Are you laughing? Mister, if you doubt me ask Herb—he'll tell you all about it.

"To get back to the 65 horsepower Cub, did I tell you about the time Herb changed props in mid-air? That was when he went after the endurance record—after 5,000 hours, the rain and dust had worn his prop down so badly he couldn't climb above 50,000 feet. He had a new prop sent up and took the Cub down to 25,000 feet. With the motor at half-throttle, he started to take off the old prop by reaching between the blades as they passed, to remove the bolts—did I tell you that Herb is almost as fast as the Cub? When he got the old prop off, he slipped on the new one and tightened it up; he was a little slow on that, as the motor gained about a hundred rpms before he got it set.

"But he had to land after 7,000 hours—people were worrying about the lights they saw flashing across the sky at night. They started losing sleep watching the "meteors" so Herb had to quit without breaking the record.

"Of course, Mister, you know that Herb has been busy since the new class arrived. He f five minutes a day, so he has a special system.hasn't had much time to fly—he allows himsel

"He starts to loop on the take-off, rolls out at 5,000 feet and does a few slow rolls. Then he does two or three series of snap rolls—this 65 horsepower Cub is so fast and maneuverable that he can't bring it out af a snap roll before he's done less than five turns. He then does a couple of loops to gain altitude and does a ten turn inverted flat spin. When he pulls out he starts his landing glide. The difficulty is that it glides so fast he always overshoots, so he rolls it over into an inverted mushing glide, pulls it up almost to a vertical stall when he's over the field, then drops the nose, an outside look to kill his speed, and backs it in to land."

"Brztrztrztrztrzt. . . ."

"Why, MISTER! Oh, Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Pritchard, gig this dodo—he's giving me the razzberry! . . . "

.... *Ground Loop* ....

TUNE: *"Throwed"*

When a pilot's been aflying for a coupla' years or so,
And can kick a plane around, and put on quite a show,
It's a thing he takes no pride in, and unless I have been scooped
If he's ever done much flyin', he's at different times ground looped.

When the kaydets get together for a stage at Ryan Field,
And you're due to draw a ship with a wobbly tail wheel;
You come in for your landing and you put her down o. k.
But before you know what's happened, she's aheadin' for the bay.

So you pour the gas into her and she bounds up from the ground,
And you're feelin' mighty thankful for a chance to go around;
Down the base leg you come aroaring, cut the gun and make the turn,
But you know that they're awatching and your ears begin to burn.

You head in for the runway, note the drift and drop a wing
And you feel the ship asettlin' as the wires begin to sing.
The ground comes up atearin' and you ease back on the stick,
And you bear down on the rudder and you do it mighty quick.

But you know your case is hopeless when you feel her start to go
And you crack the throttle open, but you know you've been too slow.
The horizon starts aspinnin' and the plane is swapping ends
And the dust begins to shower while the wing-tip slowly bends.

You can hear the spar asplittin' and fabric tear apart,
While the terror down inside you takes a death grip on your heart;
Your hands and feet are paralyzed as the dirt goes flying past,
And you duck down in the cockpit as the motor coughs its last.

Then you climb out from the wreckage, and your knees begin to shake,
And you feel humiliated for the ribbing you must take.
All the pilots crowd around you and advice begins to flow
And they tell you how it happened, just as if you didn't know.

They criticise and advise you and although they're meanin' well,
You try to laugh it off and tell 'em all to go to hell—
Lots of pilots give prescriptions and enjoy to rub it in,
But there's few that give descriptions of the ground loops they were in.

BILL SLOCUM.

Looking Ahead . . . .

Every six weeks a new class of embryonic Air Corps Officers begins a rigorous course of training at one of the nine primary training centers. Probably without exception each individual has formed a pre-conceived notion of the future that lies ahead of him. The picture he usually visualizes for himself is based on a few facts and a fertile imagination. Presented here are a few more facts which may in some measure alter, but certainly not dull, that picture.

Upon graduation from Kelly and receipt of those coveted wings, every man goes on active duty for a period of not less than one year. Subject to congressional appropriation and the suitability of the individual, this tour of duty may be extended from year to year not to exceed seven years. After that a regular commission is necessary in order to remain on active duty.

During his tour of active duty the new second lieutenant has ample time and opportunity to move about and see the country.

Following is a list of the important air bases in the United States and her possessions:

Mitchell Field, Long Island, New York.
Langley Field, Virginia.
Westover, Field, Massachusetts.
McDill Field, Florida.
Maxwell Field, Alabama.
Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio.
Selfridge Field, Michigan.
March Field, California.
Moffett Field, California.
Hamilton Field, California.
McChord Field, Washington.
France Field, Panama Canal Zone.
Albrook Field, Panama Canal Zone.
Hickam Field, Hawaii.
Wheeler Field, Hawaii.
Nicols Field, Philippine Lslands.
Fort Stotsenberg, Philippine Islands.
Boringnen Field, Puerto Rico.

Those who have a preference as to where they would like to be sent may put in a request. These requests are not always granted, but are acted upon in the interest of the majority concerned. In any event the bachelor officer has plenty of opportunity to travel about and visit any number of the bases, regardless of where he may be stationed.

Wagner Story . . . .

No summary of a year's growth is complete without a pause to reflect and render thanks to those whose interest, energy and co-operation has helped to make possible the successful record of which we are all justly proud. Hence, hats off to you, Bill—and many thanks for past, present and future favors. Bill Wagner, busy public relations department for Ryan and photographer par excellence has, since the inception of our unit, been ready to drop anything—be it work, eating irons, or sleep—to lend his capable shoulder to the push that has carried our every effort over the top. In many ways, day in and day out, Bill has dug, scratched and perspired with us for the common goal—an Air Corps now and forever that can be surpassed by none.

We Think So Anyway . . . .

To the layman a "'windsock" is a rather insignificant piece of cloth waving atop a hangar, but to a flier it is as important as the hangar itself.

To the layman, this "windsock" is a rather insignificant bunch of paper and print. To we of "40 G" it represents something almost as important as flying itself—it reminds us of the friends we've made here, and the fun we've had.

DODO

"Overheard On the Line" ....

"Cocky" Cox, on being called to the Orderly Room to sign a flight report correctly: "It was Johnson's fault. He signed it and I just verified it." (Uh, huh.)

It looked kind of funny to see "Captain Ryan" Cowan showing the barber in McGirk's how he did his tailspins. He pulled out of it so low the barber cut his hair too short in anxiety.

The prize comment of the week goes to F/C Wahlstrom. On his third trip up with his instructor he was given a forced landing. At 800 feet he saw he was going to overshoot his mark, so he let down the flaps. This still didn't help the situation much and the plane was rapidly going over the only available landing space. Finally in despair, he threw up his hands exclaiming: "God h——, you take it, I can't land the d——d thing."

Platoon II had quite a time marching the other night with Mr. Titensor giving the commands. It seems he got a little "balled" up on one command and the Cadets got quite a kick out of it.

If Peterson and Homra continue their dancing together, they're apt to land a contract in the movies replacing Astair and Rogers.

Our nomination for the best marcher in Class 41 "A" is F/C Cherry—everybody else is always out of step.

Did you see F/C Benson make that beautiful three-point landing 15 feet off the ground the other day?

F/C Huffman is rapidly gaining fame as the "human date bureau." Just give him a couple of days notice and state your preference for blondes, brunettes, or red heads.

The Saturday Afternoon Club, composed of "Gig" Walthers, gets quite a kick out of Musij when he gives the marching commands. Such firmness too.

We wonder why "Bud" Felton quit eating salad when he found out the "Dodos" might be given open post. How about it, "Bud?"

F/C Homra apparently doesn't like his newly acquired San Diego store shoes. The last time he was seen he was muttering something about sending back to Texas for his dependable Sears Roebuck Catalogue, that is, if the folks could spare it.

* * * * *

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN:

1. Mr. Cherry when he was at ease without a cigar?
2. Mr. Williamson of Texas, wearing his high heeled cowboy boots?
3. Mr. Parsons when he was in step while marching?
4. Mr. Ball when he wasn't getting "gigged" for inattention in ranks?
5. Mr. Christensen when he wasn't eating twice as fast, twice as long and twice as much as anybody else?
6. Mr. Reddington's hair cut given him by Mr. Ball with his electric razor? (Scotch.)

SQUAWKS

FAMOUS LAST WORDS:

1. Ball: "I'm an unhappy Dodo—ha-ha."
2. Clark: "I was the guy that grounded you Dodos."
3. Cowan: "At 15,000 feet the instructor fainted and I landed the plane single handed."
4. Cox: "As O.D., I must say 'this is really against the rules, fellows'."
5. Andes: "Anything you boys need down at Ardens?"
6. Echimende: "Spit that gum out, Mr. Ball."
7. Edris: "These problems are a cinch; what did you get for the twenty-third?"
8. Felton: "I haven't got a thing, but I'll raise you three."
9. Haney: "Up in March Field, fellows, etc., etc."
10. Hatch: "Why doesn't she write? Can she care for another?"
11. Homra: "Wall, Ah think I see mah way clear."
12. Head: "Oh, oh, there's a red head."
13. Reddington: "Who is the best looking man in camp and why am I."
14. Peterson: "This combination came right out of Esquire."
15. Walthers, Johnson, Cowan, etc.: "Things will be different."
16. Wormser: "What happens to me shouldn't happen to a dog."
17. Volmick: "Gimme a cigar, Cowan."

Unsung Heros . . . . Maintenance Department . . . .

They tell that Don Hennis is going to return his new size 17 shoes. The salesman told him that kangaroo leather walked by themselves. Don don't believe it now?

Rhoads was complaining the other morning early that the ships should be trained to roll out to the line and preflight themselves at 6:00 A. M.

Red tells the story about the Cadet who after getting settled in the cockpit with gas ports adjusted can't find his goggles so he climbs rapidly out and runs around like a headless chicken for ten minutes hunting them, only to have it pointed out to him that they are hanging around his neck. Would we?

We have overheard some of the new instructors explaining carefully as they climb into the rear pit that they do most of their flying from the front so they may be a little rusty. We wonder!

We all thought that Buck was going crazy a short time ago when we caught him running with a fist full of varicolored pencils in one hand and the other full of erasers, but come to find out he was only getting the form No. 41's ready for semi-annual inspection. He claims the marines have landed and have the situation under control now, but *we shall see!!*

Mike says that since we started putting boxing gloves on the prop tips his hands haven't bothered him so much. Better luck next time Mike!

B. Eller says he don't own the company yet, but he has hopes. Good luck!

Johnnie Menafee returned from his vacation spent in dear old Fresno, looking none the worse for wear. He would not admit having seen Billy Roses Asquacade, but we think he did.

Phil Prophett joined the ranks of the A. C. D. training instructors with a bang. He was presented with a swell speech and a bottle of 7-Up.

Don Hennis seems to be one of our busiest men. He feeds petrol to the planes, sweeps the yard, warms up the ambulance, starts planes on the commercial line and is always willing to give a hand where needed.

Doc Catterson and Beckley blossomed out with new cars lately. Doc says, "Why not? All I had to do was put a dollar down payment."

We are all indebted to Frank Dorland our ace cartoonist, for our morning chuckle. He depicts, with humor and without malice, the little incidents that make up our every day life here at Ryan's. More power to you Frank and may your agile brain never become devoid of ideas.

And He Said To Me . . . .

Mr. HALDEMAN: "Somebody lowered the airport.

MR. HUMPHREY: "Shucks, it's a cinch."

MR. McLEOD: "Was I suppose to hit the line?

MR. PAGUE: "Oh, is there a line on the field?"

MR. MOYA: "I was only correcting for drift."

MR. PALMER: "Who messed up the pattern."

MR. VERMILION: "But I was just following somebody else."

MR. ROBBERSON: "So I pulls back the stick."

MR. COLES: "I got caught in a prop wash."

MR. PRITCHARD: "I didn't know anybody could flunk a stage."

MR. WHITMAN: "Are they going to shoot a stage today?"

MR. SMITH: "There is really nothing to a ground loop."

MR. MARSHALL: "I didn't know a prop would bend so easily."

MR. TURK: "You can have lots of fun on check rides."

MR. DYSINGER: "It's a good thing I don't miss forced landings."

MR. BENJOSKY: "These Ryan propellors make good can openers."

MR. McDONALD: "Why can't you dive through a cloud?"

MR. MURPHY: "I'll meet you out over the College."

MR. LIVELY: "Somebody blew dust all over me."

MR. TITENSOR: "You can land down wind just as easily."

MR. BEAVER: "They don't do it in the old country that way."

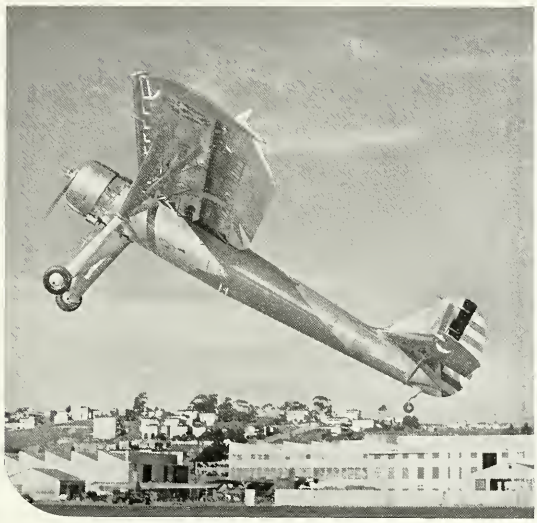
MR. CARLETON: "I'm a staunch advocator of flying barefooted."

MR. CHOATE: "The first three months are the hardest."

MR. GRAYBEAL: "I should have worn my spurs.

SLATTER'S COUNTRY CLUB

"Home Was Never Like This"



YO-51—"PERFORMANCE CONFIDENTIAL"

The following is taken from the War Department's recent press release concerning the Ryan YO-51 "Dragonfly" short range liaison observation plane:

"The Ryan observation plane type YO-51, 'the flying motorcycle,' is a two-place, single-engine monoplane powered by a Pratt & Whitney nine-cylinder radial engine of approximately 420 h. p. The propeller is two-blade Hamilton Standard with a diameter of 8-feet 9- in. Its approximate gross weight with normal load is 3900-lbs. The wing span is 52-feet, length 34-feet, 5½-inches, height 11-feet, 1-inch, chord approximately 92½-inches.

"The forward section is of steel tube construction, rear section of semi-monocoque, all metal. The wing is of wood, strut-braced two-spar non-tapering construction, two panels of which are pin jointed to the cabane strut. The entire upper surface of the wing is covered with plywood. The lower surface is also plywood covered to a point 8½-in. back of the center line of the rear spar. The control surfaces are of aluminum alloy framework covered with fabric.

"Former observation airplanes of larger sizes and greater speed heretofore purchased by the Army Air Corps are not able to use the small fields usually found in the areas occupied by Divisions. For that reason these fast, large observation planes used mainly by Corps & Armies are not adapted to the work of the Infantry Division. The YO-51 is the first plane especially designed to supply the needs of the Infantry Division not only to co-operate with the infantry itself but also to adjust artillery fire. It is a short range highly maneuverable, short landing, quick take-off type, and is adaptable for use as a liaison agent for ground commanders. Two-way radio equipment is installed."

Notice . . . .

Any Alumni of this Training Detachment desiring their copies of this Windsock have, we hope, been counted, for we have a supply of extra copies that are available by writing to the Air Corps Training Detachment. We must request that your letter contain ten cents in stamps to help us cover the mailing costs.

Circulation Department.

CLASS WILL

We, the undersigned members of Class 40 "G" do hereby will and bequeath our various dispositions, qualities, and otherwise notable and valued characteristics to our successors, the Class of 41 "A," charging the recipients herein below provided to realize their responsibilities, cherish their duties, and in all ways endeavor to safeguard and perpetuate the individual trusts so endowed to them:

I, "Bird Dog" Carleton, leave my pedigree and little black book to Mr. Cowan, may he not bark up the wrong limb.

I, "Beak" Humphrey, leave my red nose to the entire lower class, as a guide in the dark days to come.

I, "Butch" Haldeman, leave my stern behavior in ranks to Mr. Cherry, whose unusual antics in line verify his fitness.

I, "Clark" Lively, leave my recreation among the gulls to Mr. Musij whose long legs should carry him far.

I, "Angus" Choate, leave my acquaintances south of the border to the highest bidder, bid high boys!

I, "Red Apple" McLeod, leave my corner in the classroom to Mr. R. F. Shafer, keep it warm.

I, "Agile" Pague, leave my Prince Albert shoes to Mr. Edris in the interests of conservation of time.

I, "Wolf" Coles, leave my commutors ticket to L. A. to Mr. Johnson, phone numbers upon request.

I, "Smiling Frankie" Murphy, leave my credit clothes incorporated to Mr. Kinkle, lease expires, must close out.

I, "Cue Ball" Smith, leave what little is left of my hair I can spare to Mr. Vollemek in the hope that between the two of us we can get a-head.

I, "Lord" Beaver, leave my corner on the Mercy Hospital exchange to the entire lower class, since no one man could fill my shoes.

I, "Peg Leg" Graybeal, leave my step and a half cadence to Mr. Benson, it's your worry, son.

I, "Gourge" Titensor, leave my gustatory powers to Mr. Christenson, who's never full.

I, "Sleepy" Whiteman, leave my extra hours of woo fatigue to Mr. "In At Nine, Out At Five" Hatch.

I, "Hedge-hop" Marshall, leave a well dusted instructors bench to Mr. Wahlstrom who may advantageously use this aptitude in forced landings.

I, "Ton and a Half" Vermillion, leave my heavy truck chauffuer's license to Mr. Etchemendy, who should appeal to all the wall flowers, and thereby carry on my work.

I, "Fortnight" Turk, leave my extended cockpit activities to Mr. R. F. Shafer to be back in a minute, gents.

I, "Romeo" MacDonald, leave my love affair, which isn't mutual, to Mr. Haney. Who's sorry now?

I, "Debbie" Dysinger, leave that (best-dressed) cadet reputation to Mr. Ball. Don't let me down, sir.

I, "Gallileo" Benjosky, leave my astronomical observations from the roof of the San Diego Club to Mr. Tranter, whose attention is constantly diverted.

I, "Merry-go-round" Robberson, leave a slightly used landing gear and wing tip to Mr. Mornston. Locate that terra firma, then all the way back, sir.

I, "Mousie" Moya, leave my bird like whisper to Mr. Homra whose vocal chords have gone to seed.

I, "Crew Cut" Palmer, leave my template bowl for the military hair cut to Mr. Shore.

I, "Fog Horn" Pritchard, just leave . . . hooray!

ROSTER

Class 40-F—Flying Cadets

Allen, Charles G.
Baer, Charles R.
Bennion, Karren L.
Bonawitz, Norval C.
Bray, Jack W.
Chrisman, Everett L.
Dunn, Dale E.
Eichel, Henry H.
Evans, Harry L.
Freeman, Garnett L.
Gartin, Herbert
Gerber, Howard L.
Harmon, William M.
Humiston, Leonard S.
Miller, Ralph V.
Robertson, Vernon G.
Sawyer, Charles W.
Schaefer, Albert G., Jr.
Shipley, George W.
Steele, Kenneth S.
Terry, Henry, W., III
Willeford, Edward O.

Class 40-C—Student Officers

Bowman, Charles H., 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Brown, Elmore G., 2nd Lieut., Inf.
Fitzgerald, Shepler W., Jr., 2nd Lieut. F.A.
Jumper, George Y., 2nd Lieut., Cav.
White, David K., 2nd Lieut., C. A. C.
Lycan, Richard G., 2nd. Lieut., F. A.
McBride, James L., 2nd Lieut., C. A. C.

Flying Cadets

Alston, Jack H.
Beall, Warren S.
Butler, William H.
Cribbs, Jerome H.
Difford, Wallace E., Jr.
Doolittle, Glenn A.
Evans, Claude F.
Fillmore, Millard W.
Greene, Paul J.
Hastings, Harold T.
Hubbard, James H.
Johnson, Lorin L.
Knudson, Cecil C.
Large, William R., Jr.
Lowry, Leon L.
Meyer, Philip C.
Peterson, Chesley G.
Williams, David P.

Class 40-B—Flying Cadets

Biddlecome, Bruce D.
Blackburn, John E., II
Chrisman, Marvin B.
Cornett, James I.
Cox, Ward, Jr.
Cozmas, John C.
George, Paul P.
Grossmith, Louis B., Jr.
Hinman, Harvey H.
Hoover, Travis
Huntington, Edward M.
Moore, Allan J.
Person, Paul M.
Settle, Ralph E.
Stacher, Sherman F., Jr.
Thomas, Joseph E.
Wigley, Roy C.
Wright, Ellis W., Jr.

Class 40-A—Flying Cadets

Avery, Delwin B.
Badgett, James G.
Barlow, James D.
Berkenkamp, Eugene H.
Birleffe, Arthur L.
Davis, Raymond E.
Gwynn, Howard R.
Harper, Clarence C.
Johan, James E.
Johnston' Harry W., Jr.
Lazenby, James E.
Matlack, Albert E., Jr.
Michaelis, Ralph L.
Robinson, Raymond E.
Royall, Richard L.
Royall, Richard R.
Sharp, John F.
Stoffel, Fred C., Jr.
Sullivan, Robert B.
Swanson, Clyde W.
Thornquest, Frank P.
Zins, William E.

Class 41-A

Andes, Samuel C.
Ball, Alfred C.
Benson, Noel S.
Cherry, Ray W.
Christensen, Holley R.
Clark, Jackson L.
Cobeaga, Mitchell A.
Cowan, Jack H.
Cox, John, W., Jr.
Edris, Gordon L.
Etchemendy, John M.
Felton, George B.
Graham, George A. J.
Haney, George W.
Hatch, Horace E.
Hayes, Jack, W., Jr.
Head, Ernest M.
Hamra, James A.
Huffman, Orland G.
Ingenmutt, William W.
Johnson, Robert S.
Kinkel, Donald E.
Klose, Benjamin B.
Ludwig, Richard H.
Merrill, Keith N.
Moore, Albert K.
Mornston, Harry E.
Musij, William, Jr.
McGhie, Richard D.
Ortega, Joseph A.
Parker, Ben L.
Parsons, William A.
Patton, Clifford P.
Peterson, Ray
Powers' Walter W.
Redington, William M.
Shaefer, Richard F.
Shaefer, Robert R.
Shore, Marshall B.
Stevenson, Herbert L.
Storkan, Donald K.
Tranter, Jess C.
Voellmeck, Joseph
Wahlstrom, Norman O.
Walthers, George A.
Wikstram, Floyd E.
Williamson, Jay A.
Wormser, Vincent J.

Class 40-D—Flying Cadets

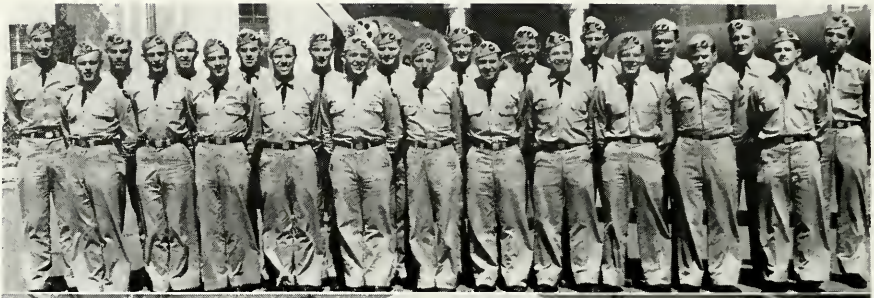
Carpenter, Eugene H.
Chapman, Grant K.
Davis, Herbert W.
Day, Druehl, J.
Ellis, Richard N.
Garrett, Ruby D., Jr.
Glasmann, Roscoe C., Jr.
Hailes, Charles W.
Hanna, Walter J., Jr.
Hook, Fillmore A.
Howland, Clark B.
Hunter, James M.
Kinney, Clair R.
Lavin, Richard W.
Marler, Maurice E.
McCullough, Kenneth E.
Page, Roger W.
Phillips, Maurice C.
Richards, Lawrence M.
Richardson, Lester E.
Righetti, Elwyn G.
Spence, Dudley C.
Spencer, Jean W.
Thomas, Julian E.
Webb, Orrin R.
Webster, John J.
Wharton, Charles M.

Class 40-G—Flying Cadets

Beaver, Jack A.
Benjovsky, Theodore D.
Carleton, Bert H.
Choate, Robert I.
Coles, Calverton
MacDonald, Daniel V.
Marshall, Donald L.
Dysinger, Leonard S.
Graybeal, James M.
Haldeman' Horace G.
Humphrey, James W.
Lively, Richard T.
Moya, Jose E.
Murphy, Robert K.
McLeod, Stuart A.
Pague, Walter C.
Palmer, Walter, E., Jr.
Pritchard, Gilbert L.
Robberson, Floyd R.
Smith, Sydney T.
Titensor, Allen E.
Turk, Lloyd R.
Vermillion, Willmont E.
Whiteman, George A.

Class 40-E—Flying Cadets

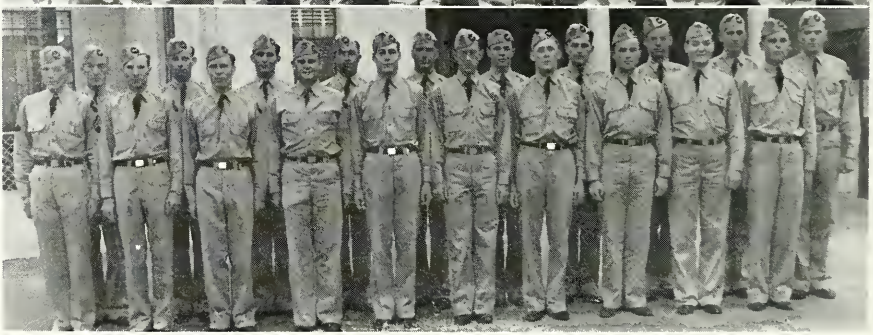
Carter, Wesley E.
Denny, Sherman E.
Dymock, John S.
Eltker, Hadley B.
Foat, Harland H.
George, Walter R.
Grund, William F.
Holmquist, George W.
Horne, Richard G.
Jochim, LaVergne C.
Johnson, James K.
Jones, Richard G.
Jones, William A.
Keller, Charles R., Jr.
Knoell, Hugh, F.
Lovorn, Floyd L.
Martin, Robert W. N.
Moss, Orville J.
Ogas, Bernard V.
Packard, Peter L. M.
Petersen, Malcolm E.
Randolph, Richard L.
Reid, Angus G.
Ridley, Thomas M.



CLASS 40-F

CLASS 40-C

CLASS 40-B



CLASS 40-A

CLASS 41-A

CLASS 40-D

CLASS 40-G

CLASS 40-E

Job Well Done ....

Our congratulations to all of you of 40-A and 40-B on your bright new wings. Keep the home fires burning at your stations, as we all hope to get there soon. As a pepper upper to those of us that are still in the process of getting up the ladder to those wings, you are listed herewith. Happy Landings.

40-A

TO MITCHELL FIELD:
James Dudley Barlow
Eugene H. Berkenkamp
Arthur Louis Birleffi
James Elmer Lazenby
Ralph L. Michaelis
Raymond E. Robinson
Richard E. Royall, Jr.
John Ferrin Sharp
Clyde W. Swanson

TO BROOKS FIELD:
Frank P. Thornquest
Harry W. Johnston, Jr.

TO DUNCAN FIELD:
James Gibson Badgett

TO SELFRIDGE FIELD:
Delwin Barton Avery
Albert Earle Matlack
Albert William Elmer Zins

TO RANDOLPH FIELD:
Howard Ross Gwynn

TO THE HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT:
James Edward Joham
Fred Carl Stoffel
Robert B. Sullivan

40-B

TO PANAMA:
John Edward Blackburn

TO HAWAIIAN DEPARTMENT:
Ward Cox, Jr.
Joseph Edward Thomas
Roy Wright, Jr.

TO BARKSDALE FIELD:
Harvey H. Hinamn
Travis Hoover
Edward M. Huntington
Allen J. Moore
Sherman F. Stacher, Jr.

LANGLEY FIELD:
Bruce D. Biddlecome
James I. Cornett
Louis B. Groosmith, Jr.
Paul M. Persons
Ralph E. Settle

How To Take a Check Ride . . . .

Climb into the rear cockpit and yell, "I'm ready anytime you are, Cap." This puts you on an informal basis and shows the Captain that you are in fine fettle and not at all worried.

Don't bother to check the mags, the ship shouldn't be on the line if they aren't working. Give the ship full throttle and taxi straight for the head of the runway, and if anything gets in the way the prop will cut it up in small enough pieces so you'll ride right over it.

Always try to plan your take-off so you can chase the airliner away from the field. That man just waves the little white flag for exercise and being bashful would rather you wouldn't notice him.

Be sure to gain at least five hundred feet before you get to the edge of the field, if the ship stalls you can probably almost recover by the time you hit the ground. By all means never let the Captain have the controls, or if he insists, struggle with him for at least ten minutes before letting go. This shows you have more confidence in your own ability than in his.

When he cuts the gun on you for a forced landing, side slip down to about fifty feet so you can see the ground better, then pull the nose up to a stalling angle and start picking a spot to land in. About this point is a good time shut off the switch, there's little use letting the engine idle and burn up more gas. Thrift is always commendable.

If by chance you happen to be over a good field, make your last turn at a low enough altitude so you can drag one wing. This will slow you up quite a lot, and lessens the chance of overshooting the field.

As soon as the plane stops rolling, hand the crank over to the Captain with some cherry remark like: "You're bigger than I, give her a twist." And above all, don't bother to wait until he gets back into the cockpit, just take off when he gets one leg in, and laugh so he can see you have a keen sense of humor.

Now is the time you should show your stuff spins at six hundred feet, slow rolls at one hundred, and stalls at fifty.

When he finally motions you back home, open the throttle wide and take a short cut over town at two hundred feet, stopping every once in a while to practice forced landings on the streets, especially those with high tension wires on both sides. Back at Lindbergh Field, make a cross tee landing so he can see how you handle the shop down wind.

Back at the line, kick the plane into a violent ground loop with the motor wide open. As soon as the debris has settled, get out of what's left, in a deliberate manner and—*run like hell!*

Pilot's Room . . . .

Six weeks ago there came into existence our "Pilots' Room." Today we wonder how we managed to do without one. It might be termed the "Rec Room of the Line" inasmuch as it is well equipped with easy chairs, magazines, and a radio.

Here the Cadets assemble between classes and flights to swap stories and experiences, to give or receive a little necessary help on some subject, or to merely relax. To those of us who require our cigarette, it is indeed a life saver, as it is the only place in the hangar that we are permitted to smoke. Hangar flying, as might be imagined, is the most prominent use to which the room is put.

The Officer of the Guard is responsible for the police of the room and sees that it is unlocked each morning and locked in the evening.

At mail time every cadet who is free, makes it a point to be present, as the Officer of the Day distributes the mail in the room.

Entire credit for the establishment of the Pilots' Room belongs to Lieut. Hopwood, Commandant of Cadets. He long ago recognized its need of a suitable place for the Cadets to relax and it has been through his instigation and effort that we now have a place, where during the day we can be "just ourselves."

Culinario . . . .

According to communiques reported by our beloved subsistence preparers, 41-A consumes twelve dozen eggs at each breakfasting. Mr. Smith believes they must for he has always declined the pleasure of their delicate aroma.

Now, contemplating twelve dozen eggs, per day, the quota per month is seen to be three hundred and sixty dozen eggs. This noble institution of purveying knowledge to the unused convolutions began operating August 10, 1939, which makes a grand total of four thousand twenty dozen eggs or forty-eight thousand two hundred and forty-one eggs which equals a helluva' lot of straining hens.

The newly initiated, carnivorious gluttons, masticate per meal, forty-eight pounds of steak, thirty pounds of hamburger, forty-five pounds of pork, sixty pounds of chicken, and twelve pounds of bacon. All of which means that the bovine and kine must arm themselves against this oppressive slaughter. Join now. Local stock union number 49,987¾.

To the Bird Dogs . . . .

The Cadet who annoys me most is the one who boasts he is content in the memory of "the only girl" back home—foregoing steadfastly the pleasures of all others.

Then next week-end at the club all alone, without my love, I look about and there he is—my true love's arm entwined in his.

Autographs

Overheard On the Flying Line ....

As an instructor at Randolph, Lieut. Hopwood sent a student to change the tee setting on a field while he sat in the plane. The student got to within 10 fet of the tee and turned and fled. Lieut. Hopwood, in high dudgeon, charged over to change it himself. He arrived just in time to receive the concentrated fire of a battery of skunks. In the excitement that followed, the student took off, leaving the Lieutenant on the field, and all the other instructors turned up their noses at him. So—the Lieutenant arrived back at Randolph under his own power.

It has been decided not to use the field selected at Hemet, due to the fact that Mr. Wilcox discovered that the gopher holes were too small to fit his prop spinner.

The strangest thing that ever happened to Mr Larsen was when he hit a hurricane in Florida. After bouncing around in the wind for five hours, until his gas was almost exhausted, he landed, and he and his passengers spent an hour and a half hanging onto the ship to keep it from blowing away!

Mr. Prescott says that once upon a time one of his students gave him a perfect ride—on April Fools Day.

Even Mr. Blauvelt's students can't give him that sinking feeling when he remembers an incident of his own student days. When he had a total of one and half hours of solo, a faster ship took off behind him and patted his wing in passing—at an altitude of 50 feet.

When we interviewed Mr. Evans, after his two weeks away from student instruction, he had nothing to say, except. "It was really a relief."

For a good job of dropping a brick on your best enemy's head, page Mr. Duncan, as he is an old hand at the bombing game. He got his practice with the forestry service—flying in and out of canyons and hedgehopping mountains while dropping food and tools to fire-fighters.

If your nose is sensitive to "Old Sol's" rays, see Mr. Garner. In an exclusive interview, he disclosed that he has been awarded Patent No. 2,144,576¼ for his invention of a nose shield, and says the device will be in production soon.

The most unusual thing that could possibly happen to Mr. Murdock, so he says, would be to find a student who knew that a traffic pattern consisted of four straight legs and four 90 degree turns instead of a continuous circular path.

We feel that we would be champions at working jig-saw puzzles if Mr. Prophitt would let us in on his system. How so much man can get into so little space as the front cockpit of a Ryan is beyond us—but he won't tell us how he does it.

Tales of that 65 h.p Cub belonging to Herb Pague have reached Mr. Lake: he assures us that he is living only in the hope of flying it soon.

Says Mr. Johnson: "Between my good looks, youth, my personality, and my flying prowess, I was sitting on top of the world—until I became an instructor. Now, after a fe wmore of these student landings, I won't be able to sit on my parachute.

There will be offered a post graduate coourse in ground loops by a veteran who has weathered seven classes of them. All those interested may make arrangements with Mr. Sloan.

We regret to note that we will soon lose Mr. Howe as an instructor, for he plans to devote his entire time to that beautiful blonde who has been watching the ships in the afternoon. He feels that he can teach a woman a few things—about flying.

Mr. Huffman just told us of his secret ambition which he hopes will be realized very soon. He hopes the Army will establish their new field in Tijuana, next door to the Aloha Cafe.

There is no sensation quite like that of flying in a head wind so strong that you move backward over the ground. Lieut. Carlton can tell you all about it—he once started for Dallas, Texas, and landed in Atoka, Oklahoma.

EDITORIAL NOTE: *"No tale should be ruined for the sake of sticking to the truth."*

—Author Unknown.

41 "A" Comes To ....

Hardly more than a month ago, 48 young men between the ages of 21 and 27 headed into Southern California from all parts of the Pacific Coast. Destination: Ryan School of Aeronautics, San Diego—first link in the promising of the future.

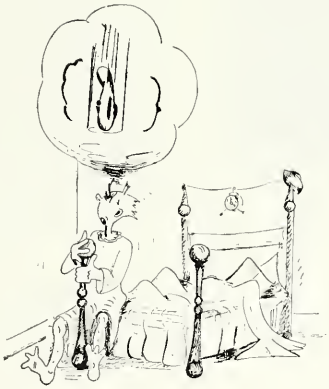
There it's finished in proper style, as a lead to any story should be that is dealing with a great experiment with the cream of the crop.

In reality a couple of weeks ago, a group of cocky, back-slapping, double-talking, wise-cracking lads who had fought, bit, and clawed their way through college, hit San Diego ready to eat the world on half-shell.

That was before they joined the Army—at least, they were immediately informed, "Chests out, eyes front, pick a spot on the wall and hold it, you're in the Army now." And it was hot that first day of drill while they were hoping for something else to happen. In fact as was afterwards noticed, it was the last sunny day for five weeks.

Fraternity men, chesty sopohomores, wordly seniors, too-old-to-fool-with-this-stuff grads—to be assimilated, their ego deflated (for the time being) in order to make them more receptive towards a particular course of training designed to make them the cream of the crop.

Illusions of bathing beauties, show beauties, parties, shows, and country clubs went out of style with the Dove of Peace. In short, after dreaming of the summer vacation at the expense of Uncle Sam, now they were going to work. Work, after going to college for four years, more or less, to avoid that unsavory subject. But it's work with a meaning—work with a purpose—work with its own high reward. Above all—it's work that has become— strangely—fun!



San Diego Army Day ....

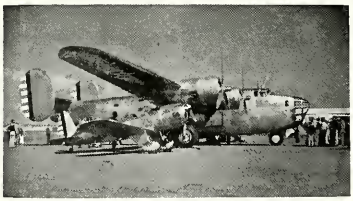
The San Diego Training Detachment had the biggest Army Day celebration in the history of "Heaven on Earth," (San Diego, to the uninitiated).

Features of the day included a line with "PT20's ad-infinitum," a B-T9, BC-1A, P-12, P-35, P-36, B-18A, and the new Consolidated XB-24.

During the day parachutes were drop tested, bands played, an anti-aircraft demonstration was staged (the crepe hangers!) and speeches by locally prominents were broadcast.

"CREPE HANGERS"
and the New XB-24 Consolidated With A Brood of PT-20's

According to San Diego "G-3" Cadets all took special courses in the dope on visiting planes and were able to tell the 15,000 sightseers more about the ships than the pilots themselves. One lad got so good he checked out in the XB24 and manned the controls to and from the flying line.



The New XB-24 and a Brood of PT-20s

It was proclaimed the best Army Day Show in San Diego history.

"It Seems To Us" . . . .

In surveying the year's file of Windsocks, we discovered the letter reprinted herewith. In January, when it was written, we were training at a pace that would qualify some 2,000 pilots each year. As we go to press, the annual output figure, necessary for reasonable national defense, has jumped. We now speak in terms of five figures.

No wings yet built have carried the load of responsibility that we must place on those symbolic silver wings we all hope to wear. To keep our chosen career—the Air Corps—where it rightfully belongs and where it must stay, becomes more and more our sacred duty.

Have you read the entrance requirements for flying cadets recently? Yes, so far they are unchanged. But by what miracle of science can the cardinal requisites of integrity, loyalty, selflessness, and courage be read from a college degree! They cannot. It then becomes a responsibility we should all accept eagerly and promptly—the privilege of bringing *men* that we know to be *men* into the Air Corps.

I've never been an umpire, but I can do no better than borrow from his repertoire. I say in all sincerity, "PLAY BALL," that they may never call "two strikes" on America or her aerial might.

THE EDITOR.

Flying Cadet Procurement . . . .

This is addressed to all Flying Cadets in this unit. All news indicates that there is a dirth of qualified Flying Cadet applicants. Superficially, this may carry little concern to the individual Flying Cadet as it would seem that the responsibility rests on broader shoulders farther up the line.

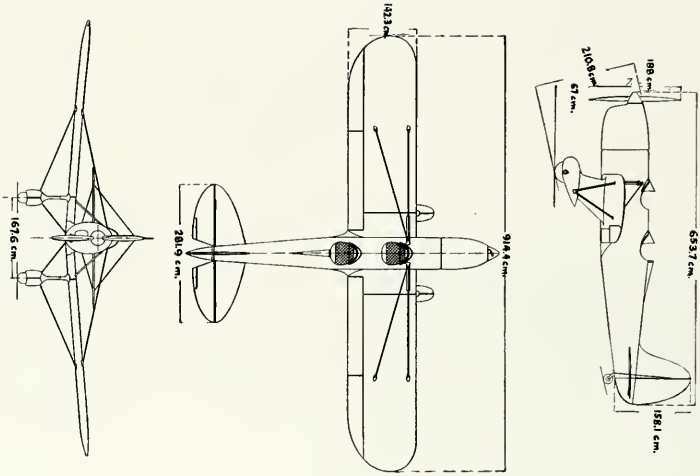
But pause a minute and consider. I was once a Flying Cadet. Since 1932, I have served with other ex-Flying Cadets. I have gone through occasional tough sledding on the wing of our leading ex-Flying Cadets. I appreciate fully that while the official responsibility for Cadet Procurement rests farther up the line, there is still what should be a deep personal interest in every Flying Cadet in the men he will fly, live and enjoy life with.

To the man way up the line, a Flying Cadet applicant must be just another young man with flying aspirations. He can be judged only on certain set standards. To you as Flying Cadets, the applicant is a fraternity brother, a room mate, the fellow next door, the bloke who used to take out the secondary defense for you. You as individuals can select a man accurately—you are the ones who know the shade of his insides—you can best judge whether his hand on the stick will grow gray hairs on your head—you will know whether he'll be the one you want to sit next to at some Officers' Mess.

I say that it is to every Flying Cadet a challenge and an opportunity to mold the bracket of the Air Corps he serves in by inviting the interest of the *men he knows* to the service career. You as individuals don't trust to luck in the airplane you fly. You *know* it's right or you don't take off. The most important thing in an airplane is the pilot. Why not *know* he's going to be right.

Your advise and letters can go further towards keeping the Air Corps the world's finest fraternity of flying men than any other factor of which I can think. It seems to me that the challenge and the opportunity are too good to miss.

LLOYD P. HOPWOOD,
1st Lieut., Air Corps.



Primary Trainer . . . .

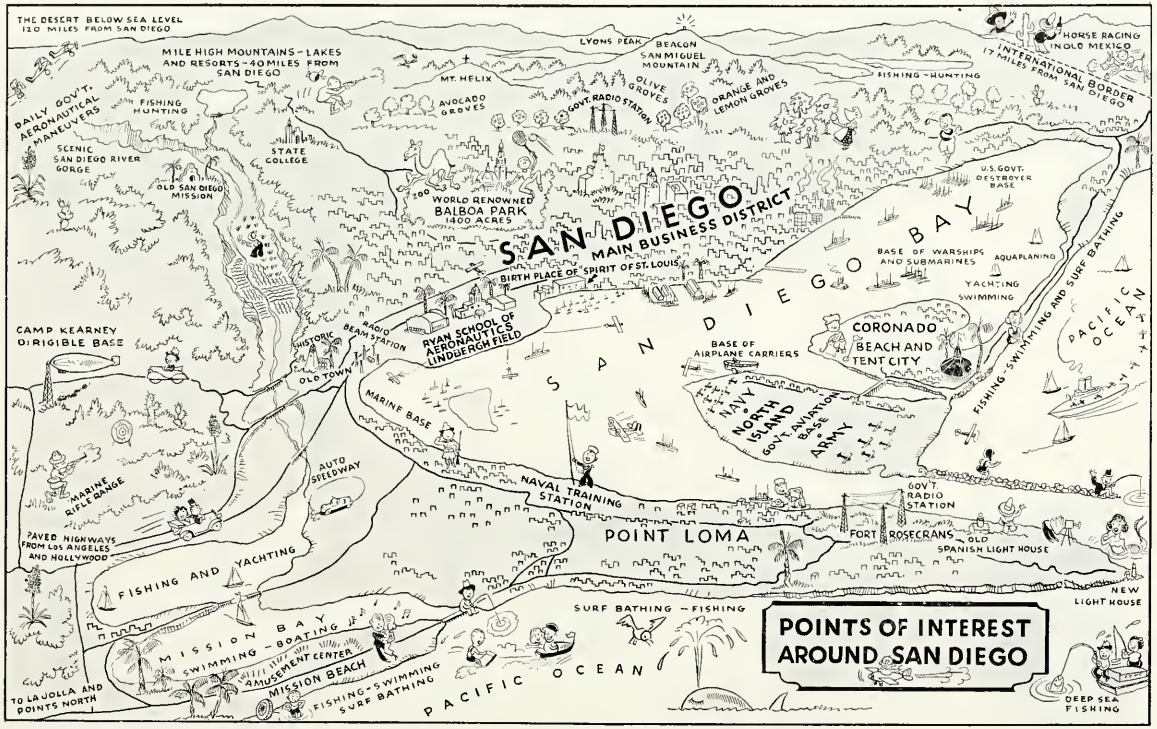
The PT-20 (also designated Ryan STM-2) is the newest military version of the popular Ryan S-T series of sport and military training planes which have been in commercial production for the past few years. They are to be used by the Air Corps for primary training of Cadet pilots.

Due to their high performance, advanced metal construction, unexcelled maneuverability and economy of operation, Ryan trainers have proven their excellence for primary military training and are being used by the air forces of many progressive nations, including the Republics of Guatemala, Mexico and Honduras.

Visibility Unlimited—Ceiling Unlimited . . . .

Among the essential aids to aviation and the A. C. T. D. are the observations and reports of the U. S. Weather Bureau, and at San Diego, fully equipped offices are functioning on the second floor of the Administration Building at Lindbergh Field. In keeping with its policy to serve the flying public as efficiently as possible, an airport station has been operating on the field for several years, but last February, the combined services of the Bureau became centered here. It has become obvious to the Weather Bureau that aviation cannot adequately be served unless the reports, weather sequences and upper air data, are not only made at the airports, but are where they may be consulted readily and frequently, so it is its announced policy to consolidate all of its activities at the airports, where, heretofore, only aerological duties were performed.

In the office, personal contacts with fliers are encouraged, and the synoptic maps, drawn three times daily, and the latest upper air charts, based on pilot balloon soundings from all over the country, are always available for study or discussion. In addition, adiabatic charts of the radiosondes made at the Naval Ail Station each evening, which give a complete picture of the temperature and humidity aloft, are prepared, and the latest weather information along the airways is received over the teletype 24 hours each day for those who care to make use of it.



Acknowledgment . . . .

The Flying Cadets of Lindbergh Field wish to extend their heart felt thanks to the various organizations of San Diego who so generously extended their facilities to the publication of the first complete edition of the Anniversary Windsock. Through the efforts and co-operation of these organizations it has been possible for the Cadets to create a publication that can well be remembered by those who come in contact with the Lindbergh Field Detachment as well as set a goal for the many Cadet classes to follow. May the organizations and persons named herein gain the same feeling of satisfaction in reading this publication as the Cadets have felt in publishing.

PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

Office of The Flight Surgeon ....

With the formation of this Detachment in June, 1939, the Medical Department of the Army was represented by one officer of the Medical Corps (Flight Surgeon) and two Medical Department enlisted men. The tower room of the administration building was employed until the present dispensary was constructed. Neither of the original two enlisted Medical Department men remain with us. William Nitz was promoted to the grade of sergeant and returned to Moffet Field. Mike B. Dale was sent to Letterman General Hospital as sick. The present personnel are from various stations. Pfc Ipsen is from Moffet Field; Pfc Fry is a trusty ambulance driver detached from March Field; while Pfc Gleason is also from Moffet Field via the course of Flight Surgeon's Assistant at Randolph Field, Texas.

The health of all Flying Cadets throughout the year has been excellent. Approximately seventy days' of duty has been lost due to illness or injury. No time has been lost under AW 107 or AR 35 1440. It is felt the high calibre of Cadet material and the spirit of earnestness manifested by all flying students only makes for this record. Appreciation of the opportunity afforded by this training program and good fortune to be at this ideal school should never be allowed to dim for any of us.

On recollection, perhaps the outstanding event of the year was the hereto nameless cadet who cut his hand. After satisfactory healing, he asked of Sergeant Nitz, "Can I fly now?"

"Certainly," was the reply.

"Fine," said the student, "I was being washed out for my flying."

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OUR congratulations to those Flying Cadets who have completed their elementary training here, and a warm welcome to the hundreds who will follow in the footsteps of the finest group of men with whom it has ever been our privilege to be associated.

Best wishes, Cadets, for your continued success as pilots of the Army Air Corps.

RYAN SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS